

YEAR BOOK  
DUTCH TREAT CLUB  
MCMXXIII







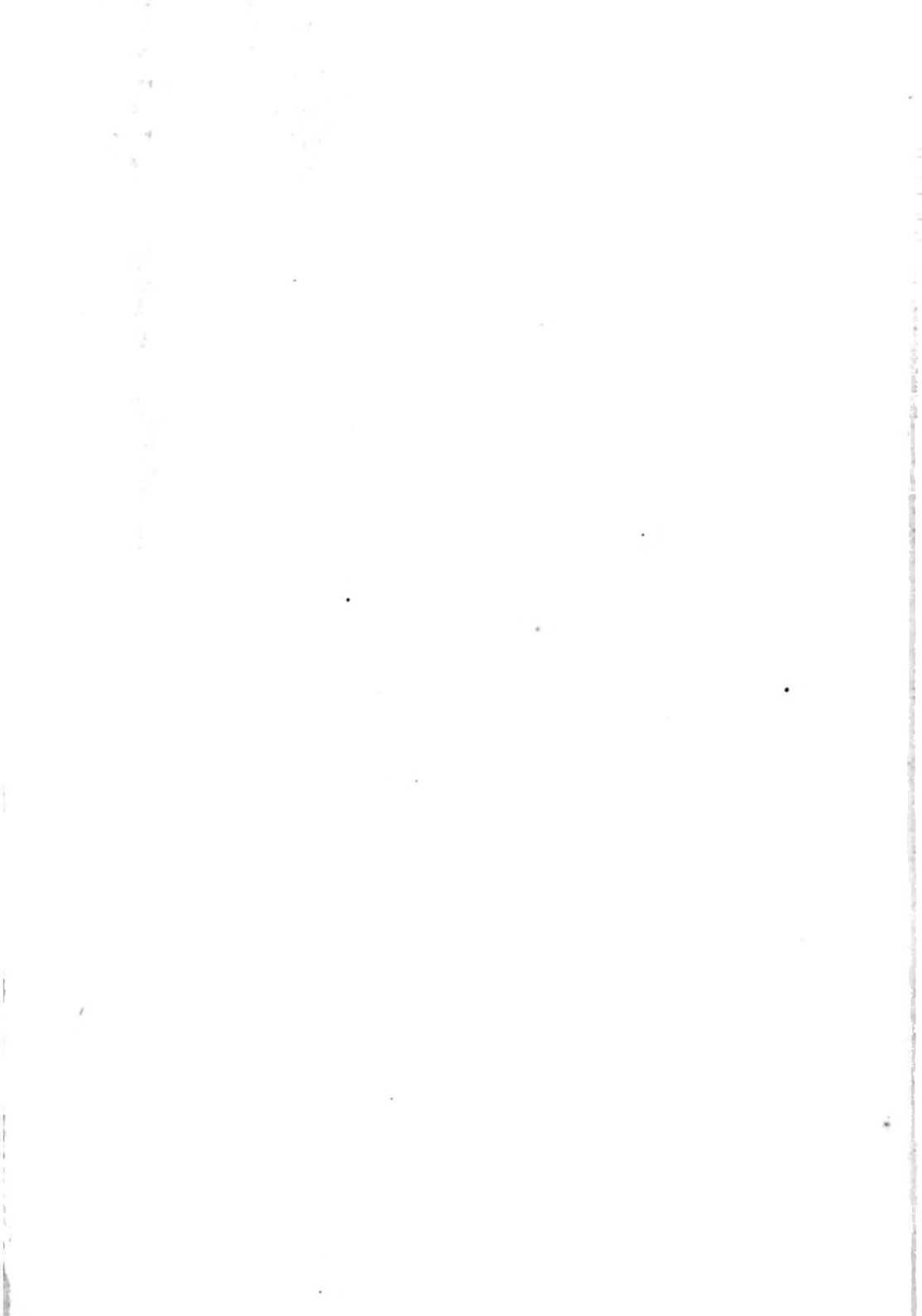












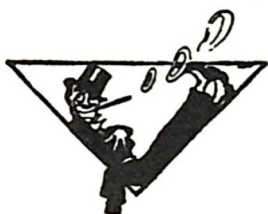


# YEAR BOOK OF THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB

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TOGETHER WITH THE PROGRAM  
OF THE ANNUAL SHOW

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NEW YORK  
PRIVATELY PRINTED  
MCMXXIII





WORSHIP OF THE SACRED BULL

## OFFICERS *of the* CLUB

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GEORGE BARRY MALLON,	<i>President</i>
GEORGE BARR BAKER,	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLIAM H. WALKER,	<i>Treasurer</i>
RUTGER BLEECKER JEWETT,	<i>Secretary</i>

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WILLIAM MORROW	REA IRVIN
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STANLEY RINEHART	WILLIAM H. WALKER
MARC CONNELLY	FRED DAYTON
JAY FASSETT	PERCY WAXMAN
REA IRVIN	





"OF COURSE I WAS NERVOUS BUT SO WERE THE DUTCH TREATERS"

## WHAT IS THE DUTCH TREAT CLUB?

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

FIVE thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven years ago (Usher's chronology) God created the world and, some time later, Bob Yard and Tom Masson came to town together on a morning train from Glen Ridge, New Jersey. Up to that time the world had not amounted to much, one way or the other. Many had noticed this, but no one had done anything about it.

So Tom Masson took a seat beside Bob Yard on the morning train from Glen Ridge, New Jersey, the steam locomotive having been invented by George Stephenson, July 25, 1814. "Good morning, Tom," said Bob Yard, who was then in the publishing business, printing having been invented by Johannes (or Henne) Gutenberg (originally Gensfleisch), Dec. 12, 1439.

"Good morning, Bob," said Tom Masson cheerily, "it is a nice morning this morning," the remark having been invented by Noah, at or near Mount Ararat, January 1, 2348 B.C.

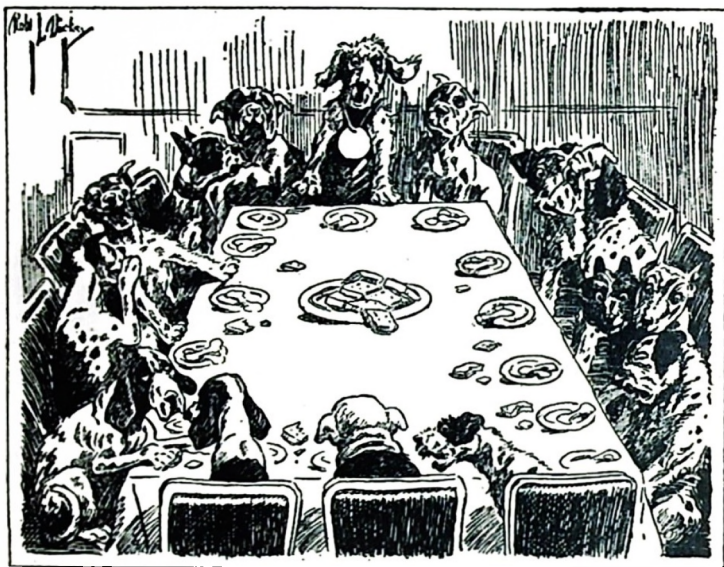
"Is that a joke?" inquired Bob Yard suspiciously, for Tom Masson was at that time an editor of *Life*, a weekly magazine published for the purpose of permitting Tom Masson to be an editor of *Life*.

"If it were," said Tom Masson, "I would—hah—grin. And I am not grinning. I am sad. I am sad to think that—hah—so many fine fellows in literature, art and—hah—editorial fields come to New York every day and never meet from one end of the year to the other."



"It is indeed, dear Tom," said Bob Yard, "a dodgasted shame!"

"Then why would it not, dear Bob," asked Tom Masson, "be an admirable idea to choose an eating place where—hah—the finer spirits or, as I may say, the real guys could drop in to lunch one stated day each week?"



"WE HAVE WITH US TODAY"

"Why would it not, indeed, dear Tom," said Bob Yard.

Despite the persistence of the legend that Christopher Columbus (b. 1446—d. 1506) said, on leaving Palos, Spain, August 3, 1492: "Bon jour, Marie; I shall not return until I have discovered a suitable continent on which a Dutch Treat Club may be

established," the above is the only authentic story of the primal conception of the idea of a Dutch Treat Club.

The subsequent history of the Dutch Treat Club is one of which the members might well be proud if they cared a darn, but they don't. The only matters connected with the Dutch Treat Club for which the members care less than they care for its history are its Constitution and By-Laws, if there are any. No one knows. No one cares.

From that first little gathering of a handful of dauntless hearts at the old St. Denis Hotel the progress of the Dutch Treat Club has been steadily up and down hill. Under the stern but just kingship of Thomas Masson a [warm *Life* flowed in its veins, and during the caliphate of Jimmy Monty Flagg an imperial edifice was erected that continued imperishably until it melted. And today, under the relentless tyranny of the triumvirate—George B. Mallon, G. B. Mallon and George Barry Mallon—the Dutch Treat Club has reached a height never before reached except previously, and probably never to be reached again except at some time in the future, if not sooner.

At the present time, if I may use the phrase, the Dutch Treat Club has a full membership of 300, an ample and impatient waiting list, and a Barkis constituency of 3000 to 4000, all "willing" but hopeless. The Club list is the best "Who's Who" in writing, illustrating, painting and so forth producible by any organization in America. Our President himself, one of our Charter Members, declares that were he not already a member of the Club he would not feel qualified to be presented for membership. While maintaining its delightful informality and its quality of being a chop house where good friends may drop





THE LADIES' AUXILIARY

in to lunch when they choose, the Club is becoming, more and more, an organization to which election means that a man has really done something. With trivial dues, inexpensive food and no other expenses the Club is able to avoid the need of "cramming" its membership list with dead wood. A bankrupt Bobbie Burns could belong but a climbing Croesus would not even be nominated for membership. And no women.

Four or five years ago our present presentable President suggested trying out the plan of having some distinguished speaker at each luncheon. This had been tried now and then. Possibly the few brief words spoken by the embarrassed and bashful William J. Locke many years ago was the first occasion. It was not then a Club custom and was then, as now, an honor conferred upon distinguished fellow workers. The President's plan has been most successful. The membership of the Club is such that men of the highest standing in the world's affairs are willing to talk to us, safe in our rule that the talks given us are never reported in the press unless especial permission is given by the speaker. To us our guests can speak openly. Because of this, and because of the inherent influence (what in thunder is an "inherent influence" anyway?) of such a group of men as forms our audience, we have been able to listen to great statesmen of all lands who have not spoken elsewhere. Because of the well-known friendliness of good fellows here, as all the world around, we have been permitted to hear men who have done fine things but who are not—in their own opinions—equipped for public speaking. In like manner we have heard the greatest musicians of America and of foreign lands.



Once each year the Dutch Treat Club gives its "Show," usually a comic opera, with addenda of one sort or another, the entire affair written, composed, acted, directed and managed by Club members. The "Show" is given on the evening of the Annual Dinner, and follows it, and not yet has the capacity of any room engaged been equal to the demands for tickets.

To me the best indication of the emmeleia or, to speak plainly, the basic congruence of the idea of the Dutch Treat Club with the indestructible motif-bases of creation, is seen and heard in the double-action jaw-work of the members each Tuesday at 12.30. Here we find no piffing food-tasting. Here we hear no halting-whispered chit-chat of imitation highbrows. Our members leap into soup and conversation with both feet, both fists and both jaws. A week of pent-up you-to-me talk breaks its leash like a hundred hunt-hounds dashing after the quarry. It is a Bacchic revel of talk and tom-cod, conversation and consomme, sound and salad. Those present are on hand because they want to be and not because it is an occasion. Nothing is less important than being on hand at a Dutch Treat Club luncheon; nothing is pleasanter.

The member just back from a Russian prison cell drops in to lunch and is greeted with "Hello, Bill; been away?" Going to the ends of the earth, writing the year's best seller, creating the public opinion of the continent—these are the regular day's work of the members and the subject of a moment's careless shop-talk. If a member has an eminence complex he checks it at the coat-room before he enters.



#### THE LITTLE SON OF A DUTCH TREATER

To write in this serious vein of the Dutch Treat Club is an offence and for so writing I should be expelled, but I can't be expelled because I am a Charter Member, or—as I believe we call it—a Founder. As I cannot be expelled I apologize.





CARICATURE BY MASSAGER

## NOW IT CAN BE TOLD

By JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE  
WILLIAM JOHNSTON  
KARL K. KITCHEN

The Committee appointed to combat ignorance among the literary classes reports performance if not progress. During the twelvemonth beginning March 23rd, 1922, members of the Dutch Treat Club have been exposed to information on a wide variety of subjects, to music from expensive throats and highly insured fingers, to eminent conjurors, psychics, poets and celebrities authorized by Keedick or Pond. When it surveys the list of notables it has inveigled into appearing before this organization, it marvels as much at its own audacity as at the credulity of those it has victimized.

In approaching experts of reputation sufficiently high to tempt the club membership to a weekly



luncheon it is customary to impress them with the delusion that to them has been accorded the privilege of addressing the most cultivated audience in the U. S., an audience composed of the actual brains of the journalistic, periodical and publishing crafts and that this distinguished coterie of authors, editors, reporters, artists, architects and what not, is perhaps a bit better versed in the subject than the specialist to whom it condescends to lend polite attention. That it should be possible to persuade men of actual achievement of the existence of real knowledge among the class of persons mentioned is proof positive that the inferiority complex extends further than the vainest Freudians imagine. Or it may be a tribute to the optimism that leads the best of us to think that somewhere, somehow, there may be assembled a body of personages capable both of appreciating the fine points of our exploits and generous enough to applaud the high degree of our attainments.

The wise of both sexes have long been aware that the sole intellectual characteristic of the so-called literary class is its professional preoccupation. It is customary among the commonalty to think of a publisher as a proficient in literature whose conversation is jewelled with quotations from his own and his rivals' best sellers, whereas he is probably no better than a misguided commercialist who groans when he has to read a manuscript, who knows more about golf and bridge than about style, and who, had he applied to stock broking or shoe making the genius that enables him to keep a yard in front of the Sheriff in the most unremunerative of trades, would have a mansion on Park Avenue and a shore front estate on Long Island.

A few rare persons whose stories and articles are worth reading are sometimes articulate. One hears occasionally of an editor or two with the curious knack of being able to explain to an aspiring, or even an experienced contributor what his magazine is about. But let no one be so misguided as to think that this talent extends further than the limitation defined. Certain newspapermen in the Club actually do write the articles to which their names are signed, just as there are illustrators within the membership who have been heard to admit that an occasional art editor knows a picture when he sees it.

These are fine points, of course, admitted reluctantly in the interest of perhaps an exaggerated sense of justice. Nor would we care to leave the impression on the readers of this report that there are not literate persons in the literary business, even though they may not have survived therein long enough to master the mannerisms, catch-words and airs of omniscience essential for the cordon bleu of Dutch Treatship. Of course we refer here to copy readers who convert reporterese into journalese, to proof room pundits who supply grammar to authors, to associates who produce the good ideas which enable editors to perpetuate the delusion of their greatness, to publishers' readers with a flair for shoddy, who know a best seller by its feel. Let us not forget the





A composite picture of  
last year's speakers.  
Note the striking resem-  
blance to John Cosgrave  
& Reinald Werrenrath

ILLIAN

reviewers on whom brute necessity imposes an actual acquaintance with books, or those genii, the blurb writers, without whose cover peans authorship would perish off the face of this continent.

Now that it may be told, this unbiased diagnosis is submitted so that the members may realize the subtlety with which its Committee has gone about its task of relieving a notorious vacuum. Being itself part of the delusion and pledged to its maintenance, it has cunningly concealed the altruism actuating its attempted application of information. It produced Dr. Grant not because the rough journalism of the day had so cruelly exploited his honest attempt to make the creed more credible, but so the Club might be brought up-to-date on religious controversy. We knew that certain dilettante editors held heretical and superficial notions about reparations, high finance, Mexico and other topics, over which Wall Street and Washington had grown passionate, so we trapped Otto Kahn, Tom Lamont, Norman Davis, trained eruptors of the facts and views that we thought wisest to disseminate, and painlessly inoculated the membership. Dr. Coué thought it might savor of impertinence to urge the power of suggestion on journalists or writers, but we assured him that American literature was characterized rather by will power and industry than by imagination, and so he too came to our aid.

Take young Mallory and Sven Hedin—a mere mountain climber and an industrious curiosity-seeker from Thibet. In producing them, what purpose could we have had other than your entertainment? Know then that careful canvass among the membership revealed an ignorance of geography that might be appalling if it were unexpected.





IF YOU SEE ANYTHING AMUSING IN THIS YOU ARE UNSOPHISTICATED

Three publishers declared the Himalayas were in South Africa and four artists asseverated that Mt. Everest was in Ecuador. Again, take the matter of Bolshevism. Over the vote of the Club's Bankers Trust representative, Marguerite Harrison had been allowed to air a parlor variety of the Russian version of Civic Christian Science, and so we had George Barr Baker administer an antidote. If we may judge by the precipitation of Russian memoirs, novels, plays and restaurants under which a superservient population is now groaning, these talks must have been the first tidings of the Czar's overthrow our hibernating highbrows had received.

It occurred to us at intervals that perhaps we were presuming too much on the theory that business men read a newspaper with their coffee. Of course we knew that the average tired publisher seldom meets anyone outside his own little circle of salesmen, accountants or booksellers pleading for extensions of credit. It is obvious that editors are allowed to read only the manuscripts their aids have selected for them and that their days must be devoted to lecturing the circulation department, inspiring the advertising force and placating dissatisfied owners. For the most part, novelists live in the suburbs and spend their days beating out on typewriters distorted versions of their experiences as reporters. Their wives allot them hours of exercise on nearby golf links, but resent more than ten minutes devoted to a daily paper as threatening reduction of income. As for artists, it is currently believed among editors that few of them recognize words of more than one syllable. Certain wily directors have gone so far, recently, as to contract with their illustrators that they may engage only models with high school



HENDRICK WILLEM VAN LOON—*List.*  
By WILLEM HENRY WALKER—*Treas.*

diplomas, in the hope that the beauties in intervals of rest may perhaps read aloud the manuscripts that are being misrepresented. There are exceptions, of course, but these are soon driven to cubism by the eccentricities of the persons who manage to be picked by magazine owners to select pictures for our periodicals.

In view of all this, we felt we were not taking too much of a risk in presenting Sir Horace Plunkett. Ireland has been so long on the front page of the daily press that even the graduated literateurs now devoting their genius to advertising who are said to beguile travel in the subway by glancing over the headlines, must be familiar with the existence of the Emerald Isle. For the same reason we adventured with Zia Bey, since Turkey had been so widely placarded that it could hardly have escaped the attention of our blinkered brethren.

Justification for Sir Basil Thomson and E. Phillips Oppenheim, however, is a bit more subtle but it did seem desirable that the members should know something about the devices of diplomatic intrigue as practised in high European circles. En passant, it is curious to note the greater conservatism of the distinguished novelist, whose revelations had neither the spice nor the authority of the eminent police officer who again demonstrated that fiction has still much to learn from life.

Lothrop Stoddard of "The Rising Tide of Color" fame, was administered as an antidote to the sympathy for the Negro engendered by a sentimental anecdotal outburst of Irvin Cobb's. We allowed Peter Clark Macfarlane to tell about a curious institution called Chautauqua, said to be popular in the great terra incognita south and west of Montclair,





thickly populated, we are assured, by morons and illiterates. To support the contention that the Dutch Treat Club really is a literary institution, we permitted Sinclair Lewis, Irving Bacheller and even Hank Van Loon to appear and speak, but as these men are "best sellers" and so objects of curiosity to all those who had read their names in the advertisements we happily escaped criticism.

It was to temper the unreasoning hatred for the movies that bookmen, journalists and authors are known to entertain, that Douglas Fairbanks was given a hearing, but this sensitive hero was so conscious of the prevailing animosity that he confined himself to a few sentences. As he observed to us afterwards, it was asking too much of publishers and newspapermen to hear patiently the representative of an art that had made such serious inroads on the reading time of the Republic. The applause accorded Clayton Hamilton's exposure of the illiteracy of the practitioners of the film was the true touchstone of the sentiments of the organization. Will Hays was accepted rather as a retired statesman than as a screen star.

The appearance of Jean Longuet did, we fear, excite suspicion of our motive but it was dispersed by Privy Councillor Chic Sale, whose exposition of tendencies in back door architecture gave great satisfaction. Adroitly sandwiched with a Palace headliner, Dr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, historian and publicist, inserted a sturdy bunch of facts into the unsuspecting ears of our clientele. Because of the voluminous publicity he had incurred, Sir Philip Gibbs got by as a spectacle, while Ralph Blumenfeld of the London Express talked the vernacular and so stilled the resentment that his political disclosures might have aroused.

Lack of space presents complete exposition of the details of our conspiracy, but let not those who have so far followed the evidence imagine that we neglected other precautions. We allured and camouflaged with great singers, notable conjurors, an accordion player, a hind-legs-of-a Chauve Souris-horse tenor, and even the great Balieff himself. We relieved Otto Kahn with Tito Ruffo. Sir Charles Higham had Mario Chamlee for balance. Beniamino Gigli helped disguise T. Gilbert Pearson, the great bird reformer. Will Rogers and Orville Harrold took the sting out of Coué. One of our failures was May Christie, whose beauty distracted attention from the geography, which, as the world's greatest literary traveler, we had expected her to impart. The inimitable Muk de Jari beguiled the intrusion of Amy Lowell.





Had it not been for Edward Johnson, the Metropolitan tenor, who knows what might have happened to Van Loon? Reinald Werrenrath was a useful aid in the concealment of our fell purpose. We descended to comedy with Gallagher and Shean. We balanced Houdini at one end of the season against Vale Owen at the other. Carlo Edwards helped

us inveigle Metropolitan tenors. But for all this and that we might have been exposed and laid by the heel without the great and glorious versatility of Tommy Safford. We have taken the liberty of voting him two laurel crowns and an additional hand, the latter to be used exclusively on the Dutch Treat's grand piano.

It is no more than fair to acquit the President of the Club of the slightest complicity in this project of indirect education. Without suspicion of ulterior purposes, he tossed off our carefully prepared introductions as though they were improvisations, adding, we'll allow, occasional happy touches of his own.

Since the Constitution of the Club prevents the application of an Intelligence Test, or even an Edison Questionnaire, no means exist to discover the degree of success that may have rewarded our altruistic endeavors. However, our path in the after life has undoubtedly been smoothed by our good intentions and nature is said to have a soft side for all heroic souls who dare attempt the abridgment of vacuums.



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GALLAGHER and SHEAN rushed from court where a judge had agreed they were hams and not kosher, as they reported, to appear before the Dutch Treat Jury. Here are two verses written for the occasion:

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Mr. Gallagher, Mr. Gallagher,  
It's a pleasure rare to be here with this bunch;  
Though in the papers which I read,  
Some very dirty things they said,  
Makes me suspicious why they invited us to  
lunch.

Oh, Mr. Shean, Oh, Mr. Shean,  
Did you notice my appetite was not so keen;  
Because the name Dutch Treat alone  
Tells me that each man pays his own,  
But I ate a BIG dinner, Mr. Gallagher,  
I had a sandwich, Mr. Shean.





WHICH TRANSLATED INTO MARTINIQUE MAY BE READ  
"TO H-LL WITH THE ILLUSTRATORS"

## A LITTLE PIPE FROM AN OLD VILLAGER

By W. A. ROGERS

*Ex-President of Dutch Treat Club*

**T**HERE are no end of clubs in New York and they make of this great unwieldy city a collection of villages, where it is possible to live and know your neighbors.

In some ways they are an improvement on the country town. You can pick your neighbors in a club and, if they bore you, it is possible to resign and move away. I have the honor to inhabit quite a good sized town called the CENTURY where pretty much all the citizens are staid old gentlemen like myself. I am very fond of my neighbors up there. Many of them are men of distinction, well worth knowing; but sometimes I like to mix with men who are a little more youthful; who are a little more in touch with the forward movements of the world. Then I come down to the town of which George Mallon is mayor. The meetings on Tuesday when men from other villages, far and near, come to sing for us, or tell us things, make it perhaps the most interesting place on the island of Manhattan. But the great merit of the DUTCH TREAT is its neighborliness. In no place else do I find so many men with whom I can exchange ideas and good will. I have heard a good deal about "the gentle art of making enemies"—but never practised it to any extent: I am content to exercise the privilege of making a few new friends every year and holding my old ones.

Shortly before I had the honor to be elected President of the club, some years ago, an epidemic of Mumps or Dumps had hit our village of the

DUTCH TREAT. There were some fatal cases, but, I am proud to say that I suggested the faith-cure and the Mumps or Dumps were driven out.

The health of the community has improved steadily and the population has increased marvelously under the able administration of the Hon. George Mallon and his staff of expert (but thank the Lord, not "efficiency expert") assistants.



## SAYS TOM MASSON

By THOMAS L. MASSON

*Founder and Ex-President of Dutch Treat Club*

I HAVE never been able to understand why the Dutch Treat Club has persisted so long. It is one of the unexplained mysteries of what in modern patter we call group psychology.

It was started through a chance impulse on my part having met Bob Yard one day on a train. The idea was that we would conserve our time by getting together a few men we liked every week. The first meeting was held at the St. Denis and George Mallon contributed the name. The club has since then gone on, without a place to lay its head. It has survived myself, Flagg, Mallon and others.

My private opinion is that nothing can kill it. George Sylvester Vierick was once a member, but that has made no difference.

It has also survived the alluring entertainments provided by Cosgrave and Mallon: as a succession of intellectual treats nothing better has ever been presented in America by a weekly luncheon club. And yet the club still lives. Those entertainments ought to kill any club. It is in the very nature of such things that a club which comes to depend upon that sort of thing will peter out at last.

But this will not be, because I am convinced that if these entertainments do peter out, the spirit in the club will live. And it's a very interesting kind of spirit—or club soul. The fact is that the members of the club—a fair portion—have put into it in the past each a part of his own soul, and this has combined or coagulated or whatever word fits, to make an invisible something that holds the club on its course.

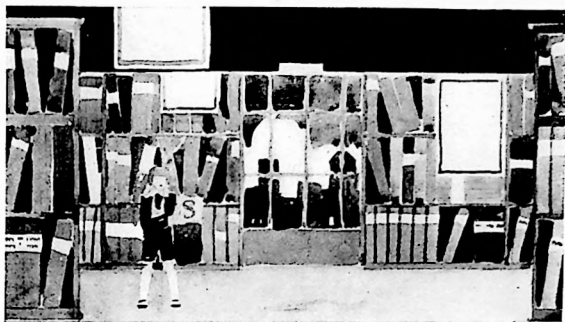


A DUTCH TREAT



"TO WHAT BASE USES WE MAY RETURN. HORATIO!"





"IN THE BOOKSHOP"  
Prologue Stage Setting

FROM THE ORIGINAL  
SCENE SKETCHES BY  
GEORGE ILLIAN AND  
EDWARD A. WILSON



"SCHERERAZADE NUMBER"  
Stage Setting Act I

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# DUTCH TREAT CLUB

SHOW OF 1923

AT THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

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## “IN THE GOOD OLD SUM-NER TIME”

*(Honi soit qui Mallon Pense)*

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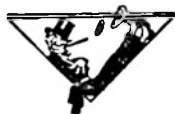
A Serious Study of Censorship

*by*

Various Members of the Dutch Treat Club

Produced under the Direction of

J. M. KERRIGAN

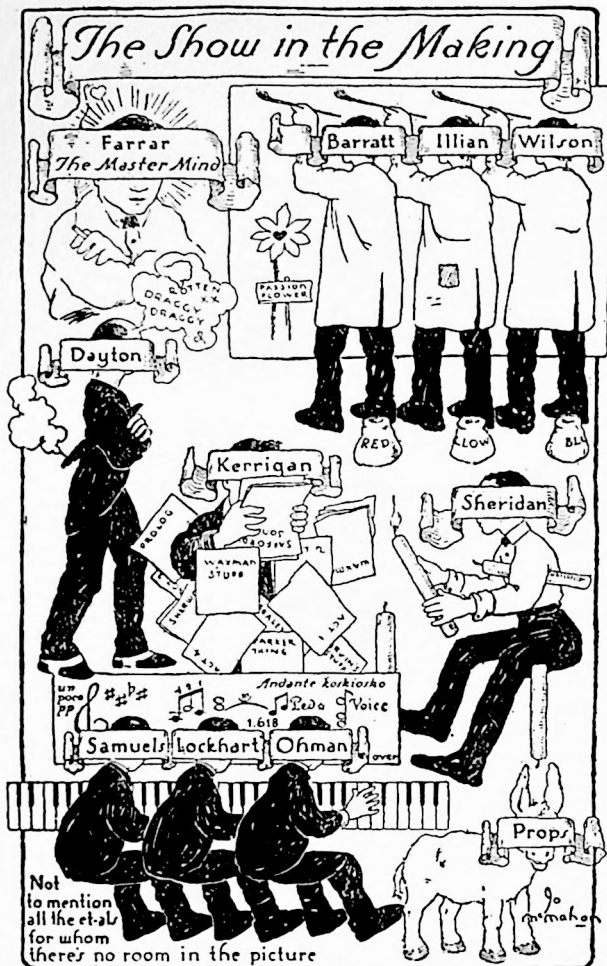


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AT THE STEINWAY PIANOS

ART SAMUELS *and* PHIL OHMAN

*The Show in the Making*



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## PROLOGUE

by KENNETH ANDREWS

with a monologue

by ROBERT C. BENCHLEY

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Lyrics by BERTON BRALEY, PERCY WAXMAN, EUGENE LOCKHART

Music by ARTHUR SAMUELS, EUGENE LOCKHART and PHIL OHMAN

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## CAST

SEX REINALD WERRENATH

MARY, a 7 year old flapper RICHARD LEONARD

DISSIPATED BABIES { RAY VIR DEN  
JAMES STANLEY  
ROBERT SHERWOOD  
DE ALTON VALENTINE  
ROBERT MCBRIDE

MR. MORRIS GIVELIGHT, a famous publisher  
PERCY WAXMAN

SUM-NER EUGENE LOCKHART

MRS. PLIMPTON, matron of the Vice Committee  
WORTH COLWELL

MISS GROSMITH, a maiden of uncertain age, JOHN FARRAR

Scene: Bookshop and publishing office of  
The Morris Givelight Company

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## INTERMISSION SONG

AN ARABIAN SLAVE Sung by RAY VIR DEN

## ACT ONE

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### *The* THOUSAND *and* SECOND NIGHT

by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

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#### CAST

THE SULTAN (Sex)	REINALD WERRENRATH
SCHERERAZADE	MARC CONNELLY
THE UNIDENTIFIED WAZIR	WILLIAM H. WALKER
HAROUN AL WOODS	ROBERT SHERWOOD
SUM-NER	EUGENE LOCKHART
PAT	RAY VIR DEN
MIKE	J. M. KERRIGAN
MINSTREL	JOHN BARNES WELLS
HAREM GIRLS	{ JOHN FARRAR
	{ ARTHUR GIBBS
	{ J. NORMAN LYND
	{ WORTH COLWELL
COURTIERS	{ NELSON MACY
	{ WILLARD FAIRCHILD
	{ JAMES STANLEY
	{ ELLWOOD HENDRICK
	{ JOSEPH C. CHASE
OLAF MOE RENE RAIN-IN-THE-FACE SLAVE	{ PAUL GOOLD
	{ DE ALTON VALENTINE
	{ AL. K. ZARR
	{ JOHN LA GATTA
	{ ROBERT MCBRIDE
LAWTON MACKALL	

*Two Scenes:* In Ancient Bagdad

*Time:* The Present

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#### INTERMISSION SONG

"THE BOOK OF ETIQUETTE"—D. T. QUARTETTE



ACT TWO

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THE BOOK *of* ETIQUETTE

*by*

MARC CONNELLY

---

Incidental Music *by* CHARLES A. SAFFORD

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*CAST*

LORD MOOTWHIP	HAROLD W. GOULD
SIR HERBERT PERN	J. M. KERRIGAN
LADY PERN	HENRY CLAPP SMITH
THE COUNTESS OF WICKRIDGE	RICHARD LEONARD
CORBETT, <i>a butler</i> (Sex)	REINALD WERRENATH
SIR ALFRED GOOPHER	CHARLES L. SAFFORD
MR. CLIPPY, <i>an American</i>	MARC CONNELLY

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*Scene:* An English country house

*Time:* Present

## ACT THREE

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### "GUTS" AN ELIZABETHAN DRAYMA

*by*  
PERCY WAXMAN

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Music by ART SAMUELS and CHARLES A. SAFFORD

Lyrics by ART SAMUELS and PERCY WAXMAN

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### CAST

QUEEN ELIZABETH                      HENRY CLAPP SMITH  
*(known as "Bess" among the younger intelligentsia)*

EDWARD, EARL OF ESSEX              J. M. KERRIGAN  
*(terribly modern but in reality more terrible than modern)*

WILL SHAKESPEARE                      J. NORMAN LYND  
*(described as an actor on a police blotter, but nowhere else)*

SUM-NA                                  EUGENE LOCKHART  
*(a vice agent, always hoping he'll find IT)*

A ROYSTERER (Sex)                      REINALD WERRENRATH

ROYSTERERS	{	WILLIAM H. WALKER	JOHN BARNES WELLS
		JOSEPH C. CHASE	STANFORD BRIGGS
		ELLWOOD HENDRICK	RAY VIR DEN
		JAMES G. WALLACE	JOHN LA GATTA
		LAWTON MACKALL	WILLARD FAIRCHILD
		NELSON MACY	DE ALTON VALENTINE
		JAMES STANLEY	PAUL GOOLD

## MUSICAL NUMBERS

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1. *Overture.* Arranged and played by ARTHUR SAMUELS and PHIL OHMAN
2. *Prologue—"I'm Sex."* Lyric by BERTON BRALEY, music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by REINALD WERRENRATH
3. *"The Dissipated Babies."* Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by JAMES STANLEY and RAY VIR DEN
4. *"The Committee of Three."* Lyric and music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by WORTH COLWELL, EUGENE LOCKHART and JOHN FARRAR
5. *"In Your Eyes."* Lyric and music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by RAY VIR DEN
6. *"The Magic of Love."* Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by ARTHUR SAMUELS, sung by JOHN BARNES WELLS and DUTCH TREAT CLUB QUARTETTE
7. *"Allah Be Praised."* Lyric by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD, music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by MR. SHERWOOD
8. *"Reform."* Lyric and music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by MR. LOCKHART
9. *"Mister Kerrigan and Ray Vir Den."* A parody by PERCY WAXMAN, duet, sung by J. M. KERRIGAN and RAY VIR DEN
10. *"He's Sex."* Sung by MR. WERRENRATH and CHORUS
11. *"The Book of Etiquette."* Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by DUTCH TREAT CLUB QUARTETTE; JOSEPH CUMMINGS CHASE, JOHN BARNES WELLS, JAMES STANLEY and RAY VIR DEN
12. *"Babbling Brooks and Weeping Willows."* A specialty by CHARLES L. SAFFORD (by himself)

13. "*Morn.*" Lyric and music by EUGENE LOCKHART, sung by CHASE, WELLS, STANLEY and VIR DEN
14. "*Roysterers Song.*" Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by CHARLES L. SAFFORD, sung by REINALD WERRENRATH and CHORUS
15. "*I'm Bessie the Queen of Hearts.*" Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by ARTHUR SAMUELS, sung by HENRY CLAPP-SMITH
16. "*There Came a Knight a-riding Bold.*" Lyric by and with the courtesy of Miss DOROTHY PARKER, music by ARTHUR SAMUELS, sung by J. M. KERRIGAN
17. "*Drinking Song (1923 Model).*" Lyric by PERCY WAXMAN, music by PHIL OHMAN and ARTHUR SAMUELS, sung by REINALD WERRENRATH and CHORUS

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*Committee:* JOHN FARRAR, *Chairman*, STANLEY RINEHART, WILLIAM H. WALKER, MARC CONNELLY, FRED DAYTON, JAY FASSETT, REA IRVIN, PERCY WAXMAN

*Staging:* FRED DAYTON and ROBERT AMENT

*Scenes* designed by EDWARD A. WILSON and GEORGE ILLIAN

*Stage effects* built by WATSON BARRATT

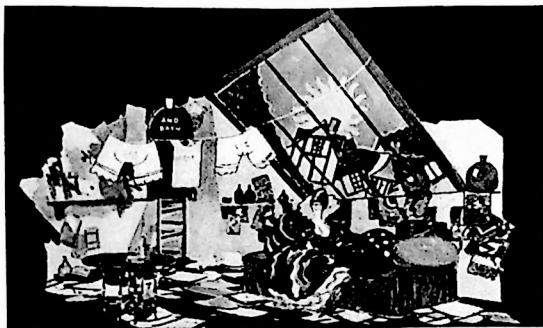
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*Properties* by JO McMAHON

*Costumes* by CHARLES CHRISDIE & Co.



"AN ENGLISH BARONIAL HALL"  
Scene of Act II



"ELIZABETH'S COURT IN GREENWICH VILLAGE"  
Scene of Act III



# Gentlemen!!

is there any among  
you who hath not  
paid his ass-  
essment?!?!? assess-  
ment?!?!?!!



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